- **Legends of Vengeance**
- **Chapter 1: Phillis**

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- Phillis was over fifty. Her hair was grey and she had gained a lot of weight since high school. She was tired. Not just of her day, but of all the crap she had to deal with in her life. Her divorce, her black sheep father, her lack of success. And now this. She sat in an empty square room in a metal chair with a metal table. The walls were metal with a polygon pattern. She wondered why she deserved this. A clean cut man walked into the room from a door that didn't seem to exist. There was handle for the door. No cracks in the walls to indicate it was there. The wall just opened and He walked through. His hair was combed back with a shine. He had a black suit with a tie.
- "Hello. My name is Agent Barton. You can call me Kurt." Agent Barton introduced himself. He knew hed had to appear friendly to Phillis to gain her cooperation.
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- "What is this?" Phillis spoke with a tone
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- "That's what I would like to know, you are the one who dialed 9-1-1 correct?" Agent Barton explained and asked.
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- "Yeahmpff" was the noise Phillis made to say yes.
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- "Can you tell me what happened?"
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- "Why should I?"
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- "I am asking politely"
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- Phillis looks around the room, she is suspicious. "This will be confidential, right?"
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- "Absolutely" Agent Barton answers
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- Phillis takes a gargled deep breath. "Could I have a cigarette?"
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- "We thought you'd ask," Barton takes out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. Phillis takes a cigarette and Barton lights it.
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- "Start from the beginning" Barton said.

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- “Well, it was late. Like 12 or 1 in the morning.” Phillis started “I was working at my diner. I had just served some young lady some coffee. I don’t know why she was drinking coffee so late but whatever. I was sitting next to the cash register. Minding my own business. Y’know, doing whatever, doesn’t matter. When, this fire skull bursts through the wall!”
- “What do you mean by fire skull?” Agent Barton asked
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- “Like a skull, but with fire.” Phillis gives hand motions around her head to characterize.
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- “Very well, continue” Agent Barton said.
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- “So Fire Skull pushed his head through my wall. And I remember yelling ‘What the fuck!’ cause, y’know, I had never seen a fire skull before. And then he pulled his head out of the wall and his friend, which was a big red bat thing, came through the window. I tried to call the police on my cell phone but I dropped it by accident and it broke. Fire Skull jumped through the window too. His body was all black, like actually black. These two creatures started playing catch with fire balls. But they weren’t any good at playing catch. Most of the fire balls just hit the chairs and tables of my diner. Setting most of everything on fire. I swear they were taunting me. They did that for a little bit and then ran into the kitchen. Started destroying the place.
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- At this point I managed to dial the police on a landline phone under the counter. I told them what was happening and they said they would be there right away. That customer, the one that was drinking coffee, went over to check on what was happening in the kitchen. I don’t know why. Maybe she had a death wish, or maybe she was working with them. I don’t know. The Fire Skull walked out of the kitchen after all the noise died down. He left using the front door, I don’t know why he didn’t use it to enter. When I checked the kitchen myself, it was almost completely destroyed. There was a burnt line across the entire room. Dishes and tables were turned over. Some knives were in the walls. Then the police came and they brought me here.” Phillis finished her story
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- “So, what do you think they were?” Agent Baron
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- “What do I think what were?” Phillis asked
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- “The red bat thing, and the Fire Skull. What were they?” Agent Barton questioned

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- “I’m a catholic woman. I know what they were.” Phillis stated. Barton leaned in to listen. Phillis continued “They were monsters. More specifically, Monsters from hell. Out to get me. Out to warn me where I’m headed.”
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- “What makes you so sure?” Barton asked.
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- “Lets just say my dad used my diner as his front. I need to watch my back or else I will pay the price he should pay” Phillis vaguely explained.
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- “Alright. Thank you. You have been very helpful.” Agent Barton got up he walked towards the opposite side of the room he entered and opened another invisible door. As he exited Phillis wanted clarification
- “Hey, when do I get out of here?”
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CHAPTER 2: Leslie

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- Leslie sat in a square empty room. She sat in a metal chair with a metal table. The walls around her were metal with a hexagon pattern. Leslie still had her work clothes on. A grey business uniform with brown dress shoes. Short heels. She had been wearing the suit for over twelve hours now. Or at least it felt like that. The stress of her day had made her thoroughly combed straight brown hair stringy and all over the place. She would’ve passed out from exhaustion but her mind was still meticulously going over the craziness that ended her day. Was it all real?
- An invisible door on the wall in front of her opened up and a clean cut man walked through it. His hair combed back and shined. He wore a black suit with a tie.
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- “Hello, My name is Agent Barton, but you can call me Kurt.” He explained
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- “Is this S.H.E.I.L.D.?” Leslie asked
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- “No. I need you to tell me what happened.” Agent Barton said.
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- Leslie ran her hand through her hair. “I just, how do I know you’ll believe it?”
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- “You live in a world where aliens attack New York through portals. I can believe whatever you tell me.” Agent Barton explained.
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- “I was sipping coffee at this Diner. The one right next to the highway bridge.” Leslie looks at Agent Barton for confirmation he knows what she is talking about. He nods and she continues “The inside was shaped like a big rectangle. I was sitting on one end of the Diner just resting after my long day. It was very late and I needed some form of rest. On the other side of the diner the waitress was standing by the cashier. I hear this crushing sound behind me and the waitress screams. It startled me so much I almost spilled a little bit of coffee. I turned around to find a hole in the wall of the diner. Then this thing, this creature, burst through the window. It skidded across the floor and got its feet on the other side of the restaurant. It was big and cerise, but skeletal. It had big bat-ish wings and horns. It’s face was horse-ish but it had fangs. I also remember yellow eyes. After that creature this burning man jumped through the window. I mean his entire head was on fire. He was big, not a giant or anything but bigger than a football player. And I think it was a skeleton. He also had a leather biker's jacket. I sort of froze at this moment. I just could not comprehend what was happening. The burning man started throwing balls of fire at the creature. Most of which he missed. I think I tried to film what was happening with my phone. But the creature, the bat horse, whatever it was, wouldn’t show up on my phone. Like it was invisible, but it wasn’t invisible, I could see it, just not my phone. Either way even if I did film the thing, one fireball, Which I think was thrown be the creature hit my phone, burning it. These two, things, went into the kitchen. I don’t know exactly know what went down. But they made a lot of noise and racket. I heard a lot of pots and pans hitting the floor. I guess my curiosity got the best of me, killed the cat as they say, and I approached the doors of the kitchen to see what was happening. Before I could even open the door myself, that red thing jumped out of the doors. I think it wanted to kill me. But the burning man pulled it back somehow. He used a whip or something. I saw him turn it to ash, like a magic trick. He then walked right by me as he walked out. I fell to the floor and curled up in shock. I don’t even remember how I got here where I am now. Did the authorities bring me here? Am I in trouble?”
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- “Yes, and No. You're not in trouble. We just needed to know what happened.” Agent Barton said
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- “Do you believe me?” Leslie asked desperately
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- “Of course. You gave us everything we needed to know.” Agent Barton said assuring. “What do you think it was? The burning man.”
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- “He saved my life from that red thing. I think he’s a hero.” Leslie stated. Agent Barton, satisfied with the questioning, got up and prepared to leave. He walked to opposite side of the room and opened an invisible door.
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- “Wait! If you’re not with S.H.E.I.L.D., then what are you?”
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- Before closing the door Agent Barton answered “Oh, We’re A.R.M.O.R.”
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- **Legends of Vengeance**
- **Chapter 3: THE GHOST RIDER**
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- I’ve been The Ghost Rider now for 5 years now. 5 years of bursting into a flaming skeleton and beating the crap out of every guilty thug out there. It’s a curse. But at this point there’s no hope in stopping the spirit of vengeance that's taken over me. It’s like a drug. As much as I would much prefer to stop and live a normal life, I can’t resist it. To be filled with so much flaming strength and speed. No matter how violent I get I know my hellfire is being bestowed on someone who deserves it. Deathwatch, Blackout, Zodiac… I might have burned them alive, but they were thieves, killers, and worse. They deserved it. That’s what I tell myself. They deserved it. I’ve fought everything in my days of vigilantism. Everything from vampires to bank robbers. And today I’m going through the motions.
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- There’s a demon in the sky. Came all the way here from Hell. Not actually Hell. Another dimension full of fire and brimstone, might as well be Hell. I can’t even remember when I started chasing it. It can’t get far away from me when I’m on my Hellcycle. Nothings faster than a motorbike with flaming wheels. But that damn son of a bitch is just out of my reach. I’ve had to follow it out of the desert and into the city. I found myself on a high rised highway. And that’s when that bugger flew down to the ground. It flew below the highway into the rough part of neighborhood. I jumped down myself in pursuit. On my left was a Diner, very rectangular shaped. On my right was some old houses. Probably abandoned. As The Ghost Rider I could sense the sinners in this part of town. I don’t know what exactly might be worrying gang members. Might be drug dealers, but I could sense the sinners in the area. I can’t focus on that.
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- Where was that damn demon? His red, horned head had to be around here somewhere. A creaky noise let out from one of the abandoned houses. The demon burst from inside one building. He zoomed at me like a hawk. The talons it uses for hands clenched my shoulders and shoved me into the wall of the diner

behind me. This was also the day I learned what it was like to have my head forced through a brick wall. I pushed my head out of the wall, that demon was trying to get away, I ran and grabbed its tail. I swung the demon like an olympic hammer thrown into the window of the diners. It gave out a screech when it smashed the glass. I hopped through the broken window.

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- I started summoning fireballs and throwing them at the winged red beast. This piece of crap is a fast little shit. Most of my fireballs just hit the walls of the diner. The only times I hit the demon were when he used his wings as reflective shields. My fireballs bounced off his wings and back in my direction. This demon is starting to become more annoying than dangerous.
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- The demon scampers into the kitchen of the diner. I of course followed. When I entered I was greeted by a kitchen knife passing by my face at a great speed. The demon was throwing every kitchen appliance at me. Knives, forks, he even picked up a blender and smashed it at my feet. I picked up a big pot and slammed it on his head. This disorientated the creature. I punched its face, leaving a dent in the pot, and he fell to the floor. I got on top of him and started wailing. Right hand! Left hand! Right Hand! Left Hand! It’s face had to be pummeled under the pot. But he kicked me off of him. The yellow eyed beast pulled the pot off his head and ran for the door. He wasn’t going to get away this time. I swung my chain whip and lassoed the neck off the demon just before it could leave the room. I pulled him back to my feet like a fish in a hook.
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- I grabbed the closest steak knife and stabbed right into the demon's chest. It let out a pained yell. I reached in a pulled out its heart. The demon then turned to ash. God what a pain in the ass this was. I started to walk out the door of the diner. Before I left I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. Empty black eyes, a skull whiter than clouds, and fire hotter than hell. What am I. Am I a monster, a hero. I don’t care, whatever I am, I'm not human. I'm just addicted. I walked out the diner and whistled for my hellcycle. I drove off into the dawn.